

The Comicall Historie of

But Love is blind, and Lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit :
For if they could, *Cupid* himselfe would blush,
To see me thus transf-ormed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my Torch-bearer.

Ies. What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves goodsooth are too too light.
Why, tis an office of discovery, Loue,
And I should be obscur'd. *Lor.* So are you sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy; but come at once,
For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stayd for at *Bassanio's* Feast.

Ies. I will make fast the doores, and guild my selfe
With some moe ducats, and be with you straight.

Grat. Now by my Hood a Gentile, and no Jew.

Lor. Beshrow me but I love her heartily.
For shee is wise, if I can judge of her,
And faire shee is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true shee is, as shee hath proov'd her selfe:
And therefore like her selfe, wise, fayre and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soule. *Enter Iessica.*
What, art thou come? on Gentlemen, away,
Our Masking mates by this time for us stay. *Exit.*

Enter Anthonio.

Anth. Whose there?

Grat. Signior Anthonio?

Anth. Pie, fie *Gratiano*, where are all the rest?
Tis nine a clocke, our friends all stay for you:
No Maske to night, the wind is come about,
Bassanio presently will goe abourd.
I have sent twenty out to seeke for you.

Gra. I am glad on't, I desire no more delight,
Then to be under-sayle, and gone to night. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia with Moroch, and both their traines.

Por. Goe, draw aside the Curtaines, and discover
The severall Caskets to this noble Prince:
Now make your choyse.

Mor. This

the Merchant of Venice.

Mor. This first of gold, who this inscription beares,
Who chuseth me, shall gaine what many men desire.
The second Silver, which this promise carries,
Who chooseth mee, shall get as much as hee deserves.
This third dull Lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chuseth mee, must give and hazard all hee hath.
How shall I know if I doe chuse the right?

Per. The one of them contains my picture, Prince,
If you choose that, then I am yours withall.

Mor. Some God direct my judgement; let me see,
I will survey th'inscriptions backe againe:
What sayes this Leaden Casket?

Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
Must give, for what? for lead? hazard for lead?

This Casket threatens men that hazard all,
Doe it in hope of faire Advantages:
A golden minde stoopes not to shewes of drosse,
He then nor give nor hazard ought for lead.

What sayes the Silver with her Virgin hue?
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.

As much as he deserves: pause there *Moroch*,
And weigh thy value with an even hand:

If thou bee'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough, and yet enough
May not extend so farre as to the Lady:

And yet to be afraid of my deserving
Were but a weake disabling of my selfe.

As much as I deserve; why thats the Lady.
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,

In graces, and in qualities of breeding:
But more then these, in love I do deserve;

What if I fraid no farther, but chose heere?
Lets see once more this saying grav'd in gold:

Who chooseth me, shall gaine what many men desire;
Why thats the Lady, all the world desires her,

From the foure corners of the earth they come
To kisse this shrine, this mortall breathing Saint.

The Hircanian deserts, and the vastie wildes